THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE;

OR

Weekly Intelligence

IN THE CIVIL, NATURAL, MORAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS WORLDS.

CALCULATED PARTICULARLY FOR THE PERUSAL OF THE YOUNG, AND THOSE OF RETIRED HABITS OF LIFE.

PUBLISHED INDEPENDENTLY OF ANY INTERESTED PARTY ATTACHMENT, AND WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE PRINCIPLES OF TRUTH AND PURITY.

VOL. I.] *PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH-DAY, 27th of Seventh Month,* 1805. [No. 33.

The price of the Evening Fire-side is three dollars per annum.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

To the Editors.

Having met with the following interesting original letter from Richard Shackleton to his friend, giving an account of the sudden death of Mary Peisley, a woman eminent for her piety and virtue;—I have forwarded it to you for publication; believing, it may prove acceptable to many of your readers.

L.

Ballitore, 4th mo. 3d, 1769.

DEAR FRIEND,

It is laid on me by a friend of ours, to send this message of sorrowful tidings to thee. A scene has opened little expected by us, which as I know will nearly affect thee, as it has us, I am at a loss how to relate it: surely many are the instances of the fallacy of our prospects, and uncertainty of our enjoyments here; repeated are the shocks we get to loose us from this earth, that finding no firm footing for our wearied spirits thereon, we may with more earnest longings, seek a city which hath foundations, an house eternal in the heavens: may this be the happy effect of our afflictions and disappointments here, and then we shall experience such dispensations of Providence to be salutary potions, though for a time they be bitter cups. But to begin. Thou wast acquainted with the intentions of our dear friends Samuel Neal and Mary Peisley, to marry; they accordingly took each other in marriage on Fifth-day, the 17th ultimo, at Montrath, in a meeting which though crowded with various sorts of people, and many of the neighbouring gentry, yet was a solemn good opportunity, and (to speak my own opinion as one present) to the honour of the cause of truth, S. N. married as though he married not, appearing towards the beginning of the meeting in a lively testimony, and in the conclusion with a heart-tendering supplication. I remarked that after meeting, Mary seemed quite pleasant and easy in her spirit, but loath to part with some of us, who were taking leave of her, in order to return home. The evening before the day of their marriage, Samuel requested an opportunity in her mother's family, wherein he had to speak of the benefit of laying hold of every such like opportunity of renewing our strength; and that was the way to lay up treasure against the day of disappointment, which was certainly to be met with on this uncertain stage, &c. and on the evening of the marriage day, in a like opportunity, Mary spoke sweetly, how the Almighty performed the great work of creation gradually in six days; which, having finished, he appointed a Sabbath, a day of rest, and sanctified the same; and that there were present, who would in a little time enjoy that sabbath, &c. Thus remarkably they spoke to their own particular states; little thinking, I believe, that their testimonies would be so speedily fulfilled on themselves. They spent two days following their marriage in sweet fellowship at her mother's; and on Seventh-day evening, Mary was remarkably cheerful, and supped heartily; between 12 and 1 o'clock that night she was seized in bed with her old pain in the stomach; which, for some time affected her so strongly, that she cried out with the pain, but after a while it abated, and she expressed her thankfulness to her great Benefactor: she desired one of her sisters to hand her a cup of water, and she would see afterwards what a fine sleep she would go into; after she drank the water she seemed much pleased, and fell into a kind of slumber, gradually drawing her breath weaker and weaker, till she drew it no more; but expired without seeming pain, sigh or groan, on First-day the 20th ult. about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and went, no doubt, to enjoy that sabbath which she so sweetly spoke of a few days before. Her body was carried the Fifth-day following to the meeting-house at Montrath, which was very full upon the occasion, several friends bore testimonies in a lively manner to the circumspect life, holy zeal, undaunted courage and faithful services, of that eminent instrument in the Lord's hand to publish the truth among the nations; and at the conclusion, my dear friend (to my great surprize and gladness) kneeled down beside the coffin which contained the remains of his most beloved earthly treasure, and prayed to God the Father, in the demonstration of the spirit and baptizing power of his Son.—My soul was prostrated in the deepest reverence, and joined in strong cries to Him in whom only is all-sufficiency, that he would be near us in this trying day, and make up our recent loss: and I believe many more present were greatly affected at the same time. From thence we proceeded to the grave-yard, where Samuel bore a living testimony to the people, and James Gough was concerned in supplication, after which her body was decently interred.—Such was the latter end of our dear friend, concerning whose many excellencies, I need not enlarge to thee, who not only hath been more a witness, but art a better judge of them than I; so shall only add respecting her, that since her return from America she was diligent in attending meetings, both particular and general, when ability of body was present, but seemed pretty much shut up as to the exercise of her gift in the ministry, (though sometimes appeared in that manner, always lively, mostly short.) After publication of their intentions of marriage, she found a concern to join other friends in a family visit, which was performed very fully to the families belonging to the meeting which she was a member of. She was remarkably favoured in this service, she returned home

cheerful and easy in mind, and a few days after was joined in marriage to her beloved husband, our dear friend. As there was a strong tie of natural affection between them, drawn still more closely by a pure and spiritual love, this sudden separation is doubtless a severe trial to the surviver; but that good hand which brought him out of Egyptian darkness, into his marvellous light, and leads his approved servants through various states and dispensations, I hope will still be underneath, and support, and more and more refine for his heavenly use, till he fits him for that Heavenly kingdom, where—Oh! that we may all meet never to part more, when these few afflicting days are over.

RICHARD SHACKLETON.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

ABBOTTVILLE.

Sweet Nottingham! thy charms I prize,
Where yonder hills abruptly rise,
Which gird thy vallies green;
At dawn, at noon or closing day,
Along those heights I love to stray,
And gaze upon the scene.

In silent wonder there I stood,
To see emerging from the wood,
The glorious orb of day;
Nor less the joy that fill'd my breast,
When o'er the purple-glowing west,
He shed his parting ray.

Luxurious are thy wide-spread meads,
Where graze the herds, the prancing steeds,
On nature's bounty fed;
Attir'd, in all their summer's pride,
The tall trees climb thy hilly side,
And o'er the low-lands spread.

How vast the view! my eager eye,
Would o'er the varied landscape fly,
Its utmost bounds to trace;
At once survey the sounding shore;
The distant mountain's brow explore;
The valley's milder grace.

But vain the wish! those features strong
Of nature's grand design, belong
To nobler pens than mine:—
A Thomson's comprehensive mind,
A Burns might here a subject find
For genius sublime.

With humbler aim, then, let me steal,
Along yon little purling rill,
T' indulge the darling theme;
Pursue its gurgling through the wood,
Till lost amid the bolder flood,
Where Crosswicks pours his stream.

There, seen above its bow-shap'd hill,
The mansion stands of Abbottville;
Dear, hospitable seat!
Where no rude passions vex the soul;
Where harmony pervades the whole;
And love and friendship greet.

Philanthropy with pure delight,
Sees Sisters, Brothers, all unite
To tie the social band:—
Come, copy these, thou jarring world,
Command thy bloody flag, be furl'd,
Bid discord fly the land.

Methinks, in yon descending grove,
I see the family of love,
In blissful ease reclin'd;
And now the joke, the sportive tale,
In laughter float upon the gale,
Now converse more refin'd.

How sweet this innocent repose!
O! never may invading foes,
Your tranquil hours molest;
No cold neglect call forth the tear,
Nor envious clouds o'ershadow here,
The sunshine of the breast.

Across the stream that mid-way flows,
His fondling arms the beach tree throws,
As if to guard the brook;
Thus parent love exerts its care,
Bends o'er its infant offspring dear,
With many an anxious look.

When sensibility shall cast,
Her eye, reflective on the past,
By mem'ry hither brought,
The pensive nymph will gladly claim,
Graven on the bark full many a name,
And many a tender thought.

The friend of infancy belov'd,
Perhaps to distant climes remov'd,
Hath left a name behind:
Memorial dear of by-gone hours,
When life's gay path seem'd strew'd with flow'rs,
And hope was ever kind.

And may the bard that rudely flings,
His fingers o'er the lyric strings,
To wind his simple song—
Say, can he hope, (nor be too bold,)
To have his humble name enroll'd
Among the friendly throng!

To the lone dell, remote from noise,
The city's tumult, giddy joys,
And all the world of care,
The mind of wisdom oft retires,
To gather home its scatter'd fires,
Its energies repair.

Some sister of the muse, I ween,
Enraptur'd with the charming scene,
When evening's shades prevail;
Hath visited this peaceful grot,
And giv'n the consecrated spot,
The name of Happy Vale.

This was the seat, and this the shade,
Where youthful Edwin woo'd the maid,
With all the lover's art;
And here Clarinda's blush confess'd,
The passion reigning in her breast,
And here she gave her heart.

Fond, faithful pair! whom love has crown'd,
And sacred nuptial rights have bound
In fetters of delight—
May heavenly smiles propitious play,
Around your heads, each passing day,
And each returning night.

The kindly torch that lights you now,
Still bright and brighter may it glow,
As long as life shall last;
Thus breathes the friend whose breast retains,
Deep centred there, the sad remains
Of joys forever pass'd!

Adieu, sweet Nottingham, adieu!
Thy charms no more must I pursue,
Nor trace thy trembling rill;
Yet oft shall mem'ry linger there
To contemplate the inmates dear,
Of social Abbottville.

HOSPES.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

To the Editors.

Having had an opportunity of reading some of your late numbers of the Evening Fire-side, I have derived a good deal of satisfaction from the philosophical subjects there treated on; and am of opinion that occasionally introducing queries leading to useful investigations may be a benefit to many. They will both preclude unprofitable topics, and enlarge the understanding. For my own part I am no philosopher, but must confess I should be a good deal proud of the name and so would my wife, I conceit, if I may judge from the interest she appears to take in the discussions which your paper has been the means of introducing. The two last queries you have thrown before your readers we have already answered in a very satisfactory manner to ourselves, but feel diffident about sending them to you for publication, choosing rather to wait for others in order to see how our notions agree with theirs.

To-day as we sat at dinner a question arose upon a subject we found a difficulty in resolving; and we mutually agreed to submit it to you, with a hope, you would be so obliging as to give it a place in your paper. My wife and I from a conviction of the healthfulness of water, seldom make use of any other kind of drink; and having on our table before us two pitchers full, we were both struck with the singular difference of their external appearance, one being perfectly dry while the other was studded over with drops of water, having apparently oozed through it. We thought it natural enough that the extreme warm weather which made *us* perspire so much, should also make the *pitchers*,—as we know very well that in philosophy "like causes produce like effects," but that there should be a difference in the outsides of the pitchers, seemed to puzzle us a good deal. As one of them contained Schuylkill and the other pump water, a thought occurred to my wife, who is as averse to the former as I am to the latter, that as the Schuylkill water is much the most impure, abounding, as she asserts with those little particles which are always more or less common to all water in this season of the year, those particles she supposes clog the pores of the pitcher, and prevent the passage of the water through it:—we were glad, the pump water being so clear, and free from them, a portion of it

passes from the inside to the out, where it appears in the manner of sweat:—a strong proof she alleges of the purity of the one, and of the impurity of the other. Now although I think this is a pretty ingenious way of accounting for the phenomenon, yet as it is not *quite* satisfactory to *me*, we concluded to send it to you, as abovementioned, in order that if the explanation is not a true one, some of your correspondents may give a better. Yours,

HUSBAND.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Messrs. Eds.

If you think the following worthy a place in your *chimney-corner circle*, you will oblige me by inserting it. I am no judge of poetic performances, and therefore cannot give a sentiment on the merits of the present, but submit it to your superior judgments.

Yours to serve,

ZADA.

*Valedictory Address to ******* ******, on his departure from Philadelphia to reside in Bordeaux.*

Ere yet thy bark her flutt'ring wings expand,
To bear my friend to Gallia's distant strand,
Fain would the muse the tender pangs impart,
That throng resistless round the writer's heart—
While active mem'ry with reverted eyes,
Each past delight, with searching glance descries,
The social scenes so oft enjoy'd with you,
Replete with bliss the stoic never knew;
Those joys so transient, yet to friendship dear,
Draw from my eye the retrospective tear.—

How oft, when Phœbus had retir'd afar,
And Commerce loos'd us from her tedious car,
As careless wand'ring through the twilight scene,
Cheer'd by the beams of night's effulgent queen,
We've giv'n to social bliss the evening hour,
And bow'd our hearts to friendship's pleasing power:
Then oft has friendship op'd her genial springs,
And shed rich pleasure from her bov'ring wings,
Inspir'd our breasts each meaner draught to spurn,
And sip the nectar from her mystic urn.
Tho' absence hence those pleasures long suspend,
And distant climes receive my parting friend,
Yet still shall mem'ry's soothing power impart,
Her pensive pleasures to relieve my heart.

And when to native scenes thou bid'st adieu,
And Ocean bears thee from our ling'ring view—
The muse, attendant on thy devious way,
Shall lift to heav'n for thee the votive lay:
That no rude foe the sacred bond profane,
Which guards thy neutral safety on the main;
But Peace around, her mild dominion keep,
And wave her spotless ensign o'er the deep.

Ye tempests slumb'ring on the wat'ry waste,
Deep in your caverns bind the howling blast,
Soft float ye winds, ye zephyrs swell the sail,
Still on the canvass pour the fav'ring gale—
'Till, gently borne the heaving billows o'er,
His bark in safety reach the Gallic shore.—

There may thy worth, each virtuous heart inspire
With due esteem, or friendship's warmer fire;
And fortune smiling on each bold design,
The crown of success round thy brow entwine.

Now, ere my hand unstring the plaintive lyre,
One fast assurance let me here require,
When retrospection summons to your mind
The num'rous band of friends you've left behind;
May I, the title emulous to claim,
Be still remember'd by that pleasing name—
Of this assur'd, dear Will, I bid to you,
"Warm from my heart," affection's fond adieu.

ARMINE.

Philadelphia, July 9th, 1805.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

QUERY.

A Correspondent wishes to know the most eligible rule, and with the fewest figures, to bring Pounds, &c. Pennsylvania currency into Federal money,—shillings and pence to be included; and this again to Pounds.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

To the Editors.

Having noticed some disquisitions in the "Evening Fire-side," relating to the cause of the "water brash" in horses,—I take the liberty to suggest the opinion of a neighbour of mine on the subject, and the mode of cure performed by him.—I do not flatter myself that this opinion will be found correct; he is not either a medical man or a farrier; nevertheless he may not be far from the truth, and perhaps this suggestion may induce others to attend to it who are more competent to decide. He supposes from the rapid growth of grass in certain seasons, that it contains a greater proportion of acid than is agreeable to the stomach;—that even the curing that grass into hay is not sufficient to disengage it: but that a still greater quantity remains than accords with the stomach. Hence it is he apprehends that in such seasons cattle are troubled with this complaint, which for want of a better name, I denominate the water brash.—There can be little doubt that the sensation which gives rise to this discharge is very unpleasant and injurious to beasts, as it prevents their taking so much of *that* kind of food as is necessary to keep them in good order. As to the remedy my neighbour proposes to give the beast afflicted with this complaint in a small potion of "short food," something which will either absorb or neutralize the superabundance of acid.—Chalk was what he proposed, but perhaps some of your chymical geniuses in the city can name a more proper remedy, and give me leave to suggest to them the propriety of making an analysis of the fluid which many horses in your streets will be found to discharge in sufficient quantities for the purpose—probably from thence they would be enabled to recommend either a preventive or cure, which would be serviceable to the society of beasts and us

COUNTRYMEN.

7th mo. 17, 1805.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

When azure rays illume the sky,
Round the orient beaten shore,
When slumber flees the wakeful eye,
And midnight fancies gleam no more:

Aurora with refulgent pride,
Streaks the giddy orb of day;
Her fingers ting'd with purple, guide
The fiery coursers in the way.—

The sun with beams refulgent shine,
Succeedent to the blushing morn,
And paints with smiles, the work divine,
On nature's verdant bosom drawn.

All nature smiles, with warmth reviv'd;
The birds, their airy notes display;
The vernal charms in pomp arriv'd,
Caress the fast-departing day.

But heedless, slumb'ring on his bed,
His fault'ring limbs there to repose,
The sluggard rests his heavy head,
Nor cares the golden hours to lose.

EUCHIUS.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

To the Editors.

Having read in your last number the following queries, "Why the rays of the sun put out a fire in a fire-place within doors, when their effects are different in the open air? and why water which contains potatoes, or other vegetables, boils much sooner than water alone?" I was about to give philosophical answers to them, when I recollected a circumstance somewhere spoken of by Selden. A young lady, says he, being in company, with some young gentlemen that were viewing and considering something which they called a Chinese shoe, and disputing earnestly about the manner of wearing it, and how it could possibly be put on; put in her word, and said modestly, *Gentlemen are you sure it is a shoe?—Should not that be settled first?*

VERITAS.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

To the Editors,

Observing in your last number a piece signed "A Poor Scholar," enquiring why the "rays of the sun put out a fire in a fire-place within doors, when their effects were different in the open air," let

that be as it may, I leave it for a more able pen to solve.—He likewise enquires why "water which contains potatoes, or other vegetables, boils much sooner than water alone."—To which I answer, that, when a vessel contains only water, the whole mass must be alike hot before it boils: but, when there is potatoes, or other vegetables in the water, we observe that the outsides of the potatoes, &c. are boiled soft before the insides are altered from a raw state; therefore the water boils before the whole mass is equally hot; and consequently in less time.

No Scholar.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

ADDREED TO ———

May gracious Heaven thy safe conductor be,
To guide thy footsteps o'er this glassy sea
That's mixt with fire—Oh! dearest Lord, descend;
Be, as indeed thou art, Man's guardian friend!
Save from the pit!—Lord, disappoint the foe;
Rescue the prey from everlasting wo!
Say to the poor, afflicted mourner, "Live;"
Say to the insolvent debtor, "I forgive;"
Say to the weak in faith, "My hands, my side;"
Say, "'Twas for these I bled;—for these was crucify'd!"

SELECTED FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Petrarch to his friend Azon de Correge.

When I consider the instability of human affairs, and the variations of fortune, I find nothing more uncertain or restless than the life of man. Nature has given to animals an excellent remedy under disasters, which is the ignorance of them. We seem better treated in intelligence, foresight, and memory. No doubt, these are admirable presents; but they often annoy, more than they assist us. A prey to unuseful or distressing cares, we are tormented by the present, the past, and the future; and as if we feared we should not be miserable enough, we join to the evil we suffer the remembrance of a former distress, and the apprehension of some future calamity. This is the Cerberus with three heads we combat without ceasing. Our life might be gay and happy if we would; but we eagerly seek subjects of affliction, to render it irksome and melancholy. We pass the first years of this life in the shades of ignorance, the succeeding ones in pain and labour, the latter part in grief and remorse, and the whole in error: nor do we suffer ourselves to possess one bright day without a cloud.

Let us examine this matter with sincerity, and we shall agree that our distresses chiefly arise from ourselves. It is virtue alone which can render us superior to fortune: we quit her standard and the combat is no longer equal. Fortune marks us; she turns us on her wheel; she raises and abases us at her pleasure, but her power is founded on our weakness. This is an old rooted evil, but it is not incurable: there is nothing a firm and elevated mind cannot accomplish.—The discourse of the wise, and the study of good books, are the best remedies I know of; but to these we must join the consent of the soul, without which the best advice will be useless. What gratitude do we not owe to those great men who, though dead many ages before us, live with us by their works, discourse with us, are our masters and guides, and serve us as pilots in the navigation of life, where our vessel is agitated without ceasing by the storms of our passions! It is here that true philosophy brings us to a safe port, by a sure and easy passage; not like that of the schools, which raising us on its airy and deceitful wings, and causing us to hover on the clouds of frivolous dispute, lets us fall without any light or instruction in the same place where she took us up.

Dear friend, I do not attempt to exhort you to the study I judge so important.—Nature has given you a taste for all knowledge, but fortune has denied you the leisure to acquire it: yet, whenever you could steal a moment from public affairs, you sought the conversation of wise men; and I have remarked that your memory often served you instead of books. It is therefore unnecessary to invite you to do what you have always done; but, as we cannot retain all we hear or read, it may be useful to furnish your mind with some maxims that may best serve to arm you against the assaults of misfortune.—The vulgar, and even philosophers, have decided that adverse fortune was more difficult to sustain. For my own part I am of a contrary opinion, and believe it more easy to support adversity than prosperity; and that fortune is more treacherous when she caresses, than when she dismays us. Experience has taught me this, not books nor arguments. I have seen many persons sustain great losses, poverty, exile, tortures, death, and even disorders that were worse than death, with courage; but I have seen none, whose heads have not been turned by power, riches, and honours. How often have we beheld those overthrown by good fortune who could never be shaken by bad! This made me wish to learn how to support a great fortune. You know the short time this work has taken; I have been less attentive to what might shine, than to what might be useful on the subject. Truth and virtue are the wealth of all men, and shall I not discourse of these with my dear Azon? I would prepare for you, as in a little portable box, a friendly antidote against the poison of good and bad fortune. The one requires a rein to repress the sallies of a transported soul; the other a consolation, to fortify the overwhelmed and afflicted spirit.

Nature gave you, my friend, the heart of a king; but she gave you not a kingdom, of which therefore fortune could not deprive you. But I doubt whether our age can furnish an example of worse or better treatment from her than yourself. In the first part of your life you were blest with an admirable constitution, and astonishing health and vigour: some years after we beheld you thrice abandoned by the physicians, who despaired of your life. The heavenly physician, who was your sole resource restored your health but not your former strength. You were then called iron-footed, for your singular force and agility; you are now bent, and lean on the shoulders of those whom you formerly supported.—Your country beheld you one day its governor, the next an exile. Princes disputed for your friendship, and afterwards conspired your ruin. You lost by death the greatest part of your friends; the rest according to custom, deserted you in calamity. To these misfortunes was added a violent disease, which attacked you when you were destitute of all succour, at a distance from your country and family, in a strange land, invested by the troops of your enemies; so that those two or three friends whom fortune had left you, could not come near or relieve you. In a word, you have experienced every hardship but imprisonment and death. But what do I say? You have felt all the horrors of the former when your faithful wife and children were shut up by your enemies; and even death followed you, and took one of those children, for whose loss you would willingly have sacrificed your own.

In you have been united the fortunes of Pompey and Marius; but you were neither arrogant in prosperity, as the one, nor discouraged in adversity, as the other. You have supported both in a manner that has made you loved by

your friends, and admired by your enemies. There is a peculiar charm in the serene and tranquil air of virtue, which enlightens all around it, in the midst of the darkest scenes and the greatest calamities. My ancient friendship for you has caused me to quit every thing to perform a work, in which, as in a glass, you may adjust and prepare your soul for all events, and be able to say as Æneas did to the Sybil, "nothing of this is new to me; I have foreseen, and am prepared for it all." I am sensible that in the disorders of the mind, as well as those of the body, discourses are not thought the most efficacious remedies; but I am persuaded also the malady of the soul ought to be cured by spiritual applications. If we see a friend in distress, and give all the consolation we are able, we perform the duties of friendship, which pays more attention to the disposition of the heart than the value of the gift. A small present may be the testimony of great love. There is no good that I do not wish you; and this is all I can offer towards it. I wish this little treatise* may be of use to you. If it should not answer my hopes, I shall however be secure of pardon from your friendship. It presents you with the four great Passions, Hope and Joy, the daughters of Prosperity; Fear and Grief the offspring of Adversity; who attack the soul and lance at it all their arrows. Reason commands in the citadel to repulse them: your penetration will easily perceive which side will obtain the victory. Adieu.

An ACCOUNT *of the* HERODIANS, *mentioned in the* NEW TESTAMENT.

The *Herodians* were a sect who derived their origin and name from *Herod the Great*, king of Judea. Several of the ancient *fathers*, and some modern *divines*, have imagined, that the distinguishing tenet of this profession of men was, their belief that Herod was the *Messiah*. Others have conjectured that the courtiers, domestics, and friends of Herod, from their attachment to their master, and to his political measures, enjoyed this denomination. Herod was a powerful and opulent prince—the friend of Augustus—and throughout the whole of his *long* reign studied every art and artifice to ingratiate himself with the emperor, and to secure the favour of the principal personages in the court of Rome. He was a most insinuating sycophant—wholly devoted to Rome—fond of Roman manners and usages—destitute of all Religion—sacrificing every thing sacred to political principles, and to the mercenary views of interest and ambition. Josephus informs us, that his ambition and his entire devotion to Cæsar, and to the leading men at Rome, induced him to depart from the usages of his country, and in many instances to violate its institutions—building temples in the Greek taste, and erecting statues for idolatrous worship—apologizing for this to the Jews, that he was absolutely necessitated to do those things by the superior powers. Many of the Jews, particularly of the Sadducees, came into all his measures, espoused his political maxims, joined with him in flattering the court of Rome with the most servile adulation, abandoned all regards to the principles and obligations of the religion of their country, and adopted heathen manners and heathen vices. These, from their admission of the principles, and compliance with the practices of the court of Herod, received from the Jews the appellation of *Herodians*, and were generally the most depraved and profligate of men. We find the Sadducees, who denied a future state, and consequently who had little regard for the religion and liberty of their country, being disposed by their principles for any enormities, readily embraced the tenets of this party——for the same persons, who in *one* of the gospels are called *Herodians*, are in another called *Sadducees*.

* This letter is a dedication of the treatise here alluded to.

DOCTOR WATTS.

Two or three years before the decease of this worthy man, the active and sprightly powers of his nature gradually failed; yet his trust in God through Jesus the Mediator, remained unshaken to the last. He was heard to say, "I bless God I can lie down with comfort at night, not being solicitous whether I awake in this world or another." And again, "I should be glad to read more, yet not in order to be further confirmed in the truth of the Christian Religion, or in the truth of its promises; for I believe them enough to venture an eternity upon them."

When he was almost worn out, and broken down by his infirmities, he said, in conversation with a friend, "I remember an aged minister used to observe, 'that the most learned and knowing Christians, when they come to die, have only the same plain promises of the Gospel for their support, as the common and unlearned:' and so, I find it. It is the plain promises of the Gospel that are my support; and, I bless God, they are plain promises, that do not require much labour and pains to understand them."

At times, when he found his spirit tending to impatience, and ready to complain that he could only lead a mere animal life, he would check himself thus: "The business of a Christian is to bear the will of God, as well as to do it. If I were in health, I ought to be doing it, and now it is my duty to bear it. The best thing in obedience, is a regard to the will of God; and the way to that is to have our inclinations and aversions as much mortified as we can."

With such a calm and peaceful mind, with such a blessed and lively hope, did this resigned servant of Christ wait for his master's summons. He quietly expired in the 75th year of his age.

HEALTH.

Health is equally neglected, and with equal impropriety, by the votaries of business and the followers of pleasure.—Some men ruin the fabric of their bodies by incessant revels, and others by intemperate studies; some batter it by excess, and others sap it by inactivity. To the noisy route of bacchanalian rioters, it will be to little purpose that advice is offered, though it requires no great abilities to prove that he loses pleasure who loses health; their clamours are too loud for the whispers of caution, and they run the course of life with too much precipitance to stop at the call of wisdom. Nor perhaps will they that are busied in adding thousands to thousands, pay much regard to him that shall direct them to hasten more slowly to their wishes. Yet, since lovers of money are generally cool, deliberate, and thoughtful, they might surely consider that the greater good ought not to be sacrificed to the less.—Health is certainly more valuable than money, because it is by health that money is procured; but thousands and millions are of small avail to alleviate the protracted tortures of the gout, to repair the broken organs of sense, or resuscitate the powers of digestion. Poverty is indeed an evil from which we naturally fly; but let us not run from one enemy to another, nor take shelter in the arms of sickness. [*Rambler.*]

FREEDOM.

Sweet are the Jess'min's breathing flowers;
Sweet the soft-falling vernal showers;
Sweet is the gloom the grove affords;
And sweet the notes of warbling birds:
But not the grove, nor plains, nor flow'rs,
Nor all the feather'd songster's pow'rs,
Can ever sweet, or pleasing be,
Oh, lovely Freedom, without thee!

A Letter from IGNATIUS SANCHO, a free black in London, to the late Reverend Mr. STERNE, beseeching him to bestow a little of his attention on *Slavery*, as it is at this day practised in our West-Indies; with Mr. Sterne's answer.

FROM IGNATIUS SANCHO TO MR. STERNE.

Reverend Sir,

It would be an insult on your humanity (or perhaps look like it) to apologize for the liberty I am taking—I am one of those people whom the vulgar and illiberal call Negroes.—The first part of my life was rather unlucky, as I was placed in a family who judged ignorance the best and only security for obedience.—A little reading and writing I got by unwearied application.—The latter part of my life has been, through God's blessing, truly fortunate—having spent it in the service of one of the best & greatest families in the kingdom—my chief pleasure has been books—Philanthropy I adore—How very much, good Sir, am I (amongst millions) indebted to you for the character of your amiable Uncle Toby!—I declare I would walk ten miles in the dog days to shake hands with the honest corporal.—Your sermons have touched me to the heart, and I hope have amended it, which brings me to the point—In your tenth discourse, page seventy-eight, in the second volume—is this very affecting passage—"Consider how great a part of our species in all ages down to this—have been trod under the feet of cruel and capricious tyrants, who would neither hear their cries, nor pity their distresses.—Consider slavery, what it is—how bitter a draught—and how many millions are made to drink of it."—Of all my favourite authors not one has drawn a tear in favour of my miserable black brethren, excepting yourself, and the humane author of Sir George Ellison.—I think you will forgive me; I am sure you will applaud me for beseeching you to give one half hour's attention to slavery, as it is at this day practised in our West-Indies.—That subject handled in your striking manner would ease the yoke (perhaps) of many—but if only of one—Gracious God! what a feast to a benevolent heart! and sure I am, you are an epicurean in acts of charity—You who are universally read, and as universally admired, you could not fail. Dear Sir, think in me you behold the uplifted hands of thousands of my brother Moors. Grief (you pathetically observe) is eloquent; figure to yourself their attitudes; hear their supplicating addresses!—alas! you cannot refuse—Humanity must comply—in which hope I beg permission to subscribe myself, Reverend Sir, &c.

I. S.

FROM MR. STERNE TO IGNATIUS SANCHO.

Coxwould, July 27, 1767.

There is a strange coincidence, Sancho, in the little events (as well as in the great ones) of this world: for I had been writing a tender tale of the sorrows of a friendless poor Negro girl, and my eyes had scarce done smarting with it, when your letter of recommendation, in behalf of so many of her brethren and sisters, came to me—but why *her brethren?* or yours Sancho! any more than mine? It is by the finest tints, and most insensible gradations, that nature descends from the fairest face about St. James's, to the sootiest complexion in Africa:—at which tint of these is it, that the ties of blood are to cease? and how many shades must we descend lower still in the scale, ere mercy is to vanish with them? But 'tis no uncommon thing, my good Sancho, for one half of the world to use the other half of it like brutes, and then endeavour to make 'em so.—For my own part, I never look westward, (when I am in a pensive mood at least) but I think of the burthens which our brothers and sisters are there carrying, and could I ease their shoulders from one ounce of them, I declare I would set out this hour upon a pilgrimage to Mecca for their sakes—which by the bye, Sancho, exceeds your walk of ten miles in about the same proportion, that a visit of humanity should one of mere form. However, if you meant my Uncle Toby more, he is your debtor. If I can weave the tale I have wrote into the work I am about—'tis at the service of the afflicted—and a much greater matter; for in serious truth, it casts a sad shade upon the world, that so great a part of it are, and have been so long bound in chains of darkness, and in chains of misery;—and I cannot but both respect and felicitate you, that by so much laudable diligence you have broke the one—and that by falling into the hands of so good and merciful a family, Providence has rescued you from the other.

And so, good-hearted Sancho, adieu! and believe me, I will not forget your letter. Yours,

L. STERNE.

AN EXTRAORDINARY RAVEN.

In the Gentleman's Magazine for March 1788, we have the following anecdotes of a Raven, communicated by a correspondent who does not sign his name, but who says it is at the service of the doubtful. The Raven alluded to "lives, or did live three years since, at the red lion at Hungerford; his name, I think, is *Rafe*. You must know then, that coming into that inn, my chaise run over, or bruised the leg of my Newfoundland dog; and while we were examining the injury done to the dog's foot, *Rafe was evidently a concerned spectator;* for the minute the dog was tied up under the manger with my horse, Rafe not only visited but fetched him bones, and attended upon him with particular and repeated marks of kindness. The bird's notice of the dog was so *marked*, that I observed it to the hostler; for I had not heard a word *before* of the history of this benevolent creature. John then told me, that he had been bred from his pin feather in intimacy with a dog; that the affection between them was mutual; and that all the neighbourhood had often been witnesses of the innumerable acts of kindness they had conferred upon each other. Rafe's poor dog, after a while, unfortunately broke his leg; and during the long time he was confined, Rafe waited upon him constantly, carried him his provisions daily, and never scarce left him alone! One night by accident the hostler had shut the stable door, and Rafe was deprived of the company of his friend the whole night; but the hostler found in the morning the bottom of the door so pecked away, that had it not been opened, Rafe would in another hour have made his own entrance-port. I then enquired of my landlady (a sensible woman,) and heard what I have related confirmed by her, with several other singular traits of the kindnesses this bird shows to all dogs in general, but particularly to *maimed* or wounded ones. I hope and believe, however,

the bird is still living; and the traveller will find I have not *over-rated* this wonderful bird's merit."

Extract from Boswell's life of Doctor Samuel Johnson. Against inquisitive and perplexing thoughts.

O Lord my maker and protector, who hath graciously sent me into this world to work out my salvation, enable me to drive from me, all such unquiet and perplexing thoughts as may mislead or hinder me in the practice of those duties which thou hast required.—When I behold the works of thy hands—and consider the course of thy providence, give me grace always to remember, that thy thoughts are not my thoughts, nor thy ways, my ways, and while it shall please thee to continue me in this world, where much is to be done, and little to be known, teach me, by thy holy spirit, to withdraw my mind from unprofitable and dangerous inquiries, from difficulties vainly curious, and doubts impossible to be solved. Let me rejoice in the light which thou hast imparted, let me serve thee with active zeal and humble confidence, and wait with patient expectation for the time in which the soul which thou receivest shall be satisfied with knowledge. Grant this O Lord, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

Phythagoras' description of true politeness.

It is an evenness of soul which excludes at the same time, both insensibility and too much earnestness. It supposes a quickness in discerning what may suit the different characters of men. It is a sweet condescention by which we adapt ourselves to each man's taste;—not to flatter his passions but to avoid provoking them. In a word it is forgetting ourselves in order to seek what may be agreeable to others: but in so delicate a manner as to let them scarce perceive that we are so employed. It knows how to contradict with respect, and to please without adulation; and is equally remote from an insipid complaisance, and a low familiarity.

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS.

No discoveries are of more importance than those which are connected with the improvement of Agriculture. Every one who has attended to this subject is acquainted with the sweeping destruction which has been occasioned by the genus of the Eurca, or Caterpillar. Many counties of this kingdom, especially in the western districts, depend, in a great degree on the annual produce of the orchard; and in these districts, at least, it will be of great utility to circulate the intelligence of an experiment for the protection of fruit trees from the Caterpillar, which has been attended with complete success. A clod of earth is moulded round the top of the trunk of the tree; and this is the whole process.—From the hour that this operation is performed, the insects, even in the most remote ramifications, will begin to fall, and the tree will in a short time, be wholly freed from this destructive incumbrance. It is true that the animal will afterwards attempt to renew his depredations; but as soon as he arrives at the ring of earth, which should be permitted to remain, he will hasten down the trunk with much more rapidity than he attempted the ascent. We state this fact with confidence, but we leave to the learned Zoologist the explanation of the mystery.

[*London paper.*]

SPONTANEOUS INFLAMATION.

Many substances under certain circumstances, are disposed to spontaneous inflammation, respecting which, it may be useful to be apprised.

1. Oiled cloth, which had been painted on one side, dried in the sun, and stowed away in a storehouse in the town of Brest, inflamed, and destroyed the house.

2. Heaps of linen rags, which are thrown together in paper-manufactories, the preparation of which, is hastened by means of fermentation, often take fire, if not carefully attended to.

3. Parched Rye bran, wrapped up in a linen cloth, smoaked in a few minutes, and in a short time the rag became black; and the bran being hot, fell through it on the ground in little balls. Mr. Tooke, from whom the above fact is taken, accounts for the frequent fires in Russia, from the common practice of binding roasted bran about the necks of cattle, when affected with *thick necks*.

4. Mr. Tooke also mentions, that the hemp magazine at Petersburgh, containing several hundred thousand pounds of hemp and flax, took fire without any apparent cause; that a roll of cere-cloth took fire in a vaulted shop, where neither fire nor candle were allowed; and that a bundle of matting, containing Russian lamp-black prepared from firsoot, moistened with hemp-oil varnish, caused a fire in a ship's cabin, in the road of Cronstadt. *See the account at length by* Tooke *in the Rep. of Arts.*

5. Pieces of woollen cloth unscowered, heaps of moist woollen yarn, or wool combings, impregnated with rape-oil mixed with butter, which is used in the combing, and packed away in unventilated rooms, have also inflamed.

6. Cotton cloth wetted with drying linseed-oil, and confined in a box, began to smoke in three hours; and on the box being opened it immediately inflamed.

7. A quantity of candles had been melted by a tallow chandler in Philadelphia, and put in a brass sieve to drain, in the evening: in the course of the night they inflamed. A similar accident occurred to the same person from a mass of candle-wick having been thrown into a barrel, after the fat had been melted from the candles.

8. A child at Hartford, Connecticut, having been burnt, was anointed with oil in March, 1803. About three gallons were consumed, and a great part of that quantity was absorbed by the bed. The bed afterwards lay until June, in a garret, when it inflamed.

9. The spontaneous inflammation of stacks of hay is well known to farmers. A very good method to prevent this accident is to sprinkle it with salt while the stack is raising, alternately between each layer of hay, in the proportion of 1 cwt. of salt to seven or eight tons of hay. Every species of cattle will prefer it, thus prepared, to hay in its raw state; for the salt assimilating with the juices of it, prevents too great a fermentation, and imparts a superior flavour, and moreover effectually secures it from becoming overheated or mildewed; so that the hay may be put together without the least danger of its taking fire, in a much greener state than would otherwise be safe.

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.—Accounts from Leghorn, via Gibraltar, state that there is expectation of an immediate war taking place between the Emperor of Morocco and the United States.

"Advices have been received at Havanna, that the government of New-Providence has passed a decree, granting liberty to privateers, &c. to send in for adjudication all American and other vessels which shall have for their return cargoes, produce of the outports in that Island, unless proof can be exhibited that such ports are ports of entry in the time of peace."

A letter from Malaga mentions that serious doubts are entertained whether the approaching harvest will realize the favourable opinion formed of its early appearance. The price of wheat has risen, and government has determined to prohibit its exportation.—The Newfoundland fleet which sailed from Cork, having been met by a French frigate, were all either burnt or captured.

An officer of one of the ships lately captured, gives a most formidable account of the number of the enemy's flotilla in the port of Boulogne, Vimereux, Estaples, Calais, Ostend, and Dunkirk. He swells the total amount to 5000; is confident that the attempt at invasion will be made this summer; that the French fleet will come out and fight the British, and that whilst they are fighting with their ships of the line, their large frigates will release the flotilla from the different ports, and convoy them to the English shores. The number of men encamped on the Boulogne coast is 50,000.

There is a complete breach between Sweden and Prussia: the former power is supposed to be spirited up by Russia, and the latter is well known to have failed in a recent negociation with that Court. Anstria is very jealous of the proceedings in Italy, and has augmented her cordon of troops to 80,000.

Rumour of Peace.—It is confidently asserted, that the mission of M. Novosilzof to Bonaparte, has for its object the restoration of general tranquility, and that the conditions with which he is charged, are to be proposed on the joint part of Russia and Great Britain.

It is reported, that some meetings of disaffected persons (some say of several thousands) have been lately observed in the county of Kildaire, Ireland.

Spanish Dollars.—The accounts of the English Merchants having claims on the Court of Madrid for balances due and detained in the Bank of that city at the commencement of the last war, are shortly expected to be put in a state of payment with interest.—The payment is to be made out of that part of the specie ascertained to be the immediate property of the Spanish Government, which was detained previous to the declaration of the present war with Spain, most of which is now safely lodged in the Bank of England. The claims, we understand, amount to about 800,000*l.*

The Parkinean Institution, established in London, about three years since, for the use of Metallic Tractors in the disorders of the poor, has been followed by similar associations in different parts of Great Britain.—One of these established at Durham, under the patronage of the Bishop of St. Davids, has lately announced the cure of above two hundred of the poor objects, whose cases claimed its charitable attention. The society in London have made two reports to the public on the result of their trials of this remedy, from which it appears that thier success has been so considerable, as to have induced the committee to recommend the discovery to the notice of the British Parliament, and to invite that body to take the practice under their patronage and protection.

Domestic.—*Dreadful Fires.*—Accounts from N. Hampshire, state, that in several of the neighbouring towns, the fires, in the course of last week, made dreadful ravages. In Barnstead, Barrington, Farmington, New-Durham, Middleton and Milton, the fences, for many miles consumed; the forests, and reserved woodlands, destroyed, together with the fruits of the earth, viz. grass, corn, rye, &c. and many pastures, wholly overrun; horned cattle, sheep, and hogs, were very much injured by the flames and smoke.

Drought.—From Worcester (Mass.) we learn that the season still continues dry, and the heat more intense than it has been for many years; the Thermometer often rising to 95 and 97 degrees in the north shade. On the 17th instant, thirty-seven days had elapsed since any rain had fallen in that town, and the inhabitants were offering up their ejaculations to the great Bestower of all things, that the thirsty earth might be watered so as to yield a sufficiency for man and beast.

The Legislature of New-Hampshire, by an act passed on the 14th ult. 1805, have annexed a penalty of Twenty Dollars, to be recovered by indictment, upon any person who shall, after the first day of August next, issue or pass any note, bill, order or check, of the bank of the United States.

A printed copy of the new Constitution of the Empire of Hayti, is received. It is a curious and interesting document, comprising sixteen pages, 12mo. The supreme command is vested in Dessalines, who is called "*Emperor* I"—but the government is not hereditary:—Slavery is abolished forever:—No particular church establishment is acknowledged by the State:—Provision is made for the education of youth;—and the national colours of Hayti are very appropriately declared to be black and red stripes.

Civilization.—As a proof of the progress of the Indians in civilization, (says the National Intelligencer,) we have before us several specimens of cloth of a good substantial texture, made by Cherokee squaws, which were sent to Mr. Cocke, a Senator from Tennessee, as an evidence of the progress of their improvements, as well as of their regard for a friend and benefactor. We also have before us several letters, received by that gentleman, from young Indian women, written in their own hand-writing.—The writing is perfectly legible, and by no means bad.

A sum a little short of 4000 dollars, is said to have been provisionally warranted to the man who was to take flight at Boston on the 4th inst. when it was discovered that he did not intend to ascend in *propia persona*, but that a light figure stuffed to resemble him by some ingenious piece of mechanism, was to be darted into the air and return to the ground. Unluckily the trick appearing, a mob collected, and the *man of straw* was demolished.—If 4000 dollars would have now helped him to actual wings, willingly would he have given them to escape from the enraged populace.

Interments in the different burial grounds of the City and Liberties of Philadelphia, from the 13th to the 20th inst. Adults 17—Children 42—Total 59.

In the City of New-York during the same time. Adults 26—Children 36—Total 62.

In the City and precincts of Baltimore, during one week ending the 21st inst. Adults 4—Children 27—Total 31.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

D. C.'s selections, the "Anecdote" and "Slavery" excepted, will obtain a place in a future number. The latter, is too common to need present publication; and the former, discovers too little wit to deserve it.

Old Stamp appears to be dissatisfied with the "manners of the times." Quere—Would not a good moral essay, written with a view to correct them, do more towards it, than those few trite exclamations, which he has sent us;—uttered when vexed by disappointment at a barber's, and probably extorted from him by the warmth of the weather, and the burden of his beard?

P. would oblige us by discriminating between original and selected pieces.—His favours, though differing considerably in point of merit, are generally acceptable, most, if not all of which, are designed for publication.

Wellmeaner must revise, correct, and *point the meaning* of his communication, before we can consider it our "duty to insert it."

Original has considerably improved!—were his present communication compared with some of his former ones, long since consigned to oblivion without comment, his "Tommy Careless" we presume would be found much superior to them in point of style, *decency*, and morality.

R.'s stanzas are designed for our next.

Myrtilus we apprehend will excuse us for rejecting his selection, after he has attentively re-perused the last stanza. It is besides common.

Camilla,

Novice's *Query*, and verses furnished by S. R. T. are under consideration.

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